

Jack and Hiccup the last men alive

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Summary: Two completely different people become friends in an unlikely situation. The people? A skinny nerd called Hiccup and a popular jock called Jack. The unlikely situation? A zombie apocalypse.

1. Last men alive

****Authors Note: Good evening people. I am exhausted and sleep deprived and I have had *Shudders*****_****_Assignments_****. Ughâ€|****

****Hope you like this. Please Review.****

Hiccup picked up three large knives and haphazardly shoved them into a rough looking, camouflage coloured back pack. He swung one strap over his shoulder and ran outside. He grabbed a cricket bat and a baseball bat. He strapped the baseball bat to his back behind the bag, but held the cricket bat. His knuckles were white from gripping the handle so tightly. Barely pausing to breathe, he ran. Through the house, grabbing handfuls of food on the way, and out the door, onto the street. He gasped. There were five mindless, shuffling, bloodthirsty creatures covered in human remains stood, staring blankly at him. One of them groaned, scraping one long fingernail against its chest. That was the signal. More were coming. Without thinking, Hiccup bolted. He dodged and swerved and used his cricket bat to get past them. He was left with a torn vest and intact skin. He wasn't infected. Still, he didn't wait around to celebrate the victory, he was off, running again. He knew exactly where he had to go, and he wouldn't stop until he got there.

Hiccup's Pov:

I ran as fast as I could go. My breathing was heavy, but shallow and I thanked the lord that I didn't bring the golf clubs, which would have been far too heavy. My legs were sore and weak and I felt like

throwing up, even before the apocalypse I had never been athletic. There it was! Just ahead! The stronghold, the resistance! The survivors. I was relieved as I ran to the door and heaved as I pulled it open. I paused, something was wrong, it was never this quiet in the stronghold. To say it was empty would have been a lie. It was absolutely full of people. None of them intact. Or alive. Pools of blood covered the floor and grizzly remains were splattered around. Shreds of clothes hung from the beams that made up the roof, I shudder to think how they got there. My eyes watered and I started to cry. My family, my friends, the only people on earth, goneâ€¦ I was the only one left. I knelt down, sobbing. I was the only one left on earth. How would I survive? No one could survive on their own for long.

There was a creaking noise behind me. I jumped up and spun around, cricket bat ready to beat in some zombie skull. But there wasn't a zombie, just a boy my age. He wore a bloodstained, blue hoodie and his hair would have been white if it wasn't soaked in mud and blood. He held a long piece of wood with pieces of glass and nails sticking out of it. I lowered the bat and stared at him in shock. He looked just as shocked, but he wasn't looking at me, he was looking at the horrifying scene behind me. A single tear ran from his eye to his chin and he lifted his gaze to meet mine.

"All of them?" He asked in a weak whisper.

I nodded, despairingly. "We're the only ones left"

He wiped his cheek with one hand, while wiping the blood of his hand onto his hoodie. He stuck out a bruised and battered hand. "Jack" He said. "Jack Frost"

I looked at his hand and after a second I reached mine out and we shook hands, slowly and mournfully. "Hiccup" I said. "Hiccup Haddock"

He let out a single burst of laughter. "Jack and Hiccupâ€¦ The last men alive"

I nodded with a smile. "It does have a nice ring to it"

2. The library

****Authors note: Ughâ€¦ writing fanfiction used to be a form of procrastination for me, but now, here I am watching team starkid musicals over and over in order to procrastinate from thisâ€¦****

****â€¦****please reviewâ€¦****

Hiccups Pov:

Jack was carrying both his and my backpack but he still outran me easily. He told me that before the apocalypse he had been captain of the football teamâ€¦ and the athletics teamâ€¦ and the running teamâ€¦ and pretty much every single sporting team you can think of. I just nodded, deciding not to mention that I had been an un-athletic, skinny, weak nerd with non-existent muscles. The apocalypse had forced me and everyone to be strong physically and

mentally. Plus everyone we you saw was weak and skinny from food deprivation, so my past was hidden. Ha, everyone you sawâ€¦ I had thought that unconsciously, forgetting that I and Jack were alone.

Jack's Pov:

I looked back at hiccup and sighed. He was out of breath and struggling to keep up. Definitely not an athletic person. I grabbed his backpack and hoisted it onto my own back. I looked just behind hiccup and in the background I saw two zombies walking in a different direction. I winced at the amount of noise that Hiccup was making.

"Jack, wait up" He whined. I gasped. Almost in slow motion, I watched on of the zombies turn their head to look at us. Hiccup could see them two now and he was just as horrified as me.

Suddenly, both zombies were sprinting at us, a mindless, animalistic look of hunger in their eyes.

"Time to go" I said and picked hiccup up with two arms and started running. My muscles ached and hiccup struggled and protested, but I kept going. Those zombies would get Hiccup in a heartbeat if I let him try and run. I wasn't about to lose another person.

We rounded a corner at top speed, nearly running into a pole. Finally, when the zombies were out of sight, I put hiccup down and started walking again.

"Thanks" He murmured breathlessly. "Uh, Jackâ€¦ where are we going?"

I coughed before answering. "School"

Hiccup's Pov:

We rounded the corner and saw a large brick building, well, collection of buildings surrounded by a cheap wire fence. There was a name above the gate, but it was too damaged to read. I wouldn't have recognised it anyway, this was Jacks school, not mine.

"Burgess state school" said Jack. Answering the question I had almost asked. "We call the students guardiansâ€¦ I don't know whyâ€¦" He said, talking more to himself than me.

He spun around quickly to face me. "We need a base" He said, a glimmer of excitement in his eye. "The hall? â€¦ Too many entries to defendâ€¦ The classrooms? Too many windowsâ€¦ The sports field? Too open. Which leaves" He said, gesturing wildly behind him. "The library"

End
file.